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Another Speech Outrage

Local Bolshevists claim unfettered right to assemble to eulogize a régime which specializes on suppressing free speech and shooting those who presume to exercise it.

Now comes Police Commissioner Enright saying that he doubts his ability to give adequate protection to a meeting of the anti-Bolshevist Russians, who are said to include the great majority of Russians in this country, and hence deems it unwise to hold it. It is feared that the Bolshevist lovers of free speech love it so little that they would cause a riot, perhaps explode a few bombs, to keep others from talking. The Leninistic principle that you may do a thing, while others who disagree with you may not, is thus vindicated. Alas! none are so illiberal as some professed liberals; none so intolerant as some professional tolerators; none so tyrannous as some who shout against tyranny.

Confiscation Con Carne

Mexico is in the news again, and again appear efforts to distort the truth and to play on prejudices that run against persons in the oil business. It is well for the public to recall certain facts.

The Carranza revolution proclaimed that it would restore the supremacy of the Mexican constitution, call a free election as soon as established in Mexico City and surrender power to the new administration. It pledged itself to protect the treaty rights of foreigners and to indemnify them for losses incident to the revolution. On the basis of these promises our government finally recognized the Carranza government.

Carranza, instead of keeping his word, declared a "pre-constitutional period," and not until a year later was there an election—but not an election to elect officers under the old constitution, but to enact a new constitution. His jurisdiction did not extend into five important states, and in the other states it was ordered that the franchise should be exercised only by those known to have supported the revolutionary party. Local bosses determined who should vote, as in the days of Diaz, and the polling was necessarily a farce.

The hand-picked convention, repudiating the promise to restore the old constitution, adopted a new constitution, which provided that sub-surface wealth should be the property of the nation instead of belonging to the owners of the surface. It is Mexico's right to adopt such a rule, but not as to lands already sold to foreigners who have spent great sums in developments. Mexico may do as she pleases with her own, but may not of right confiscate the property of others—may not extinguish titles guaranteed by treaties whose validity she acknowledges.

Mexicans may have no remedy against confiscation, but foreigners, who are properly forbidden to take part in Mexican politics, and hence have no weight in domestic affairs, may not be despoiled. Representations that Mexico merely seeks to apply to outsiders the rule she applies to her own citizens are irrelevant. Mexico may control conditions under which new concessions are granted. But bargains are bargains, and no individual or nation may rewrite an existing agreement without consent of the other party. Carranza says he will deal justly. But he will determine what is justice. Is there any one outside of an asylum willing to hand his savings to such guardianship?

The new Mexican constitution, in addition to the provision already mentioned, says that properties may be seized and the owner shall be paid in bonds to an amount to be fixed by the state legislatures, and that "*the owner shall be bound to receive* the bonds of a special issue to guarantee the payment of the property expropriated." Americans in Mexico are indisposed to confide in Mexican officials, operating under the foregoing authority. Nor are they quieted by the following provision of the new constitution: "The Executive shall have the exclusive right to expel from the republic *forthwith and without judicial process* any foreigner whose presence he may deem inexpedient."

The platform on which Woodrow Wilson became President contained the following:

> "The constitutional rights of American citizens should protect them on our borders and go with them throughout the world, and every American citizen residing or having property in any foreign country is entitled to and must be given the full protection of the United States government, both for himself and his property."

To the Mexican editors in June, 1918, the President said that his policy "at every point was based upon this principle: That the settlement of the internal affairs of Mexico was none of our business." A sound declaration, but in no wise implying that Mexico, touching the business and rights of our citizens, has license to do as she pleases.

Common Sense

Samuel Harden Church, president of the Carnegie Institute and a conspicuous advocate of the league idea and the covenant, concedes the wisdom of ratifying and interpreting and defining by reservations. He suggests the simple proviso that obligations under the treaty shall not contravene the Constitution or the traditions of the American people.

The form of words does not matter, although it is, of course, desirable to be as explicit as possible. In a score of different ways it would achieve the ends in view.

These ends may be described as follows:

First, the ratification of the covenant. The covenant is in grave danger of not being accepted at all if its proponents resist reasonable defining reservations.

Second, removal of doubt as to what sort of obligations the nation assumes and a saving of those great national policies which have been a bulwark to us and which are in no true sense born of a spirit of selfish aloofness.

Third, early peace; for who is longer fooled by the scarecrow that Europe will not accept our reservations and hold up the peace while she wrangles the issue out with us at a new conference?

Anna Shaw

Among the pictures with many is that of Anna Shaw, in the flowing gown of a college woman, with silver hair and keen, kindly eyes beneath a mortar board, sturdily marching down the avenue at the head of a suffrage parade. There walked unshakable resolution wedded to serene and sunny faith. The cause—one could do no better than to spend one's life for it, for it was right; and as it was right it was certain to win.

An eminently American career such as it is to be hoped the land will long be blessed with. In early years a girl in a Michigan pioneer home, living in a floorless log cabin, forty miles from a postoffice and one hundred miles from a railroad. Her father, wrestling with the wilderness, was without farm animals or implements, and the future champion of sex equality exemplified it by doing the work of a "hand," felling trees, digging wells and ditches and planting corn and potatoes in holes chopped with an axe.

At fifteen years a schoolma'am at $4 a week, and glad to get it. Then departure, despite frowns, for college with $15 in pocket. Further struggles with extreme poverty in a Boston attic as she beat with bare hands against closed doors. Here was education—an education that developed character, a growth that proceeded from within. No wonder she became strong and resolved to do what was in her to open opportunities to others. And yet through all the u hill conflict no disposition to rail at circumstances or to lose high confidence and happiness.

The woman suffrage movement in its later and victorious stage was fortunate in securing as leaders such as Dr. Anna Shaw and Mrs. Chapman Catt, women with experience in life, who were for equal suffrage because they were democrats. It no longer seemed as if shrill voices were clamoring for something for themselves, but human beings were beseeching for a chance to help. The short hair period had passed, and it was difficult for shallow ridicule to cling to its foothold. The movement broadened and deepened, and, as predicted, as soon as women as a class gave evidence of a definite desire it was granted. No man ever heard Anna Shaw, with her life back of her words, who did not feel ashamed.

A noble woman, with an eloquent tongue, a keen intelligence and all her faculties at the service of a moral purpose. Big and wise of soul was this daughter of a pioneer, even as was Lincoln, the rail splitter, and largely for similar reasons. She leaves a sweet memory and has erected a great monument, and many an eye was suffused by the news of her passing.

The French Treaty

The text of the Franco-American treaty has been made public in Paris. This action clears up a transaction about which there was much unnecessary mystery. Early in April the French newspapers reported the existence of a compact pledging the United States to guarantee the military security of France. The convention was characterized as a compensation for Clemenceau's failure to persuade the Council of Three to cede France the left bank of the Rhine.

Then, on April 24, came an official denial from Secretary Tumulty. He issued this statement: "In view of the fact that certain newspapers of wide circulation throughout the country have intimated that the President has entered into a secret alliance or treaty with some of the great powers, I conveyed this information to the President, and am to-day in receipt of a cablegram from him giving positive and unqualified denial to the story."

Later it developed that President Wilson had written a letter to Clemenceau promising to recommend to the Senate of the United States an agreement by which this country should pledge itself to go to the aid of France if the latter were attacked by Germany.

On May 8 the Committee on Public Information made a further announcement, which read:

> "In addition to the securities afforded in the treaty of peace, the President of the United States has pledged himself to propose to the Senate of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain has pledged himself to propose to the Parliament of Great Britain an engagement, subject to the approval of the council of the league of nations, to come immediately to the assistance of France in case of an unprovoked attack by Germany."

On the same day The Associated Press sent this rather baffling statement from Paris:

> "Those close to President Wilson maintain the engagement is not an alliance, and, therefore, not inconsistent with the principles of the league of nations. They say it is a temporary means of assuring French security until the league is fully established and able to make France secure."

On the next day it was announced at the White House that Mr. Tumulty had asked the President by cable "regarding the pledge to help aid France," and that the President had replied as follows:

> "Happily, there is no mystery or privacy about what I have promised the government here. I have promised to propose to the Senate a supplement in which we shall agree, subject to the approval of the council of the league of nations, to come immediately to the assistance of France in case of unprovoked attack by Germany, thus merely hastening the action to which we should be bound by the covenant of the league of nations."

In May it was reported that some of the smaller nations had objected to the conclusion of a special triple alliance on the part of France, the United States and Great Britain (for the British delegates also agreed to sign a similar agreement with France). It was argued by the objectors that an alliance of this sort was a reflection on the power and self-sufficiency of the league of nations, and also was in conflict with the clause of the covenant intended to prevent such alliances.

The text of the treaty shows how this last objection was met. The treaty of alliance, which is made for the purpose of guaranteeing the execution of the articles of the treaty with Germany regarding German military activities on the banks of the Rhine, and of protecting France from unprovoked attack, is to be submitted to the council of the league of nations, and may be approved by it *by a majority vote*. It may be terminated when a majority of the council on appeal from either of the signatories decides that the league is strong enough unaided to guarantee the execution of the treaty and to protect France.

The treaty with this country is not to go into effect until after the similar treaty with Great Britain is ratified.

This tripartite alliance is a real guarantee of peace. There is apparently no good reason for not negotiating it in full accordance with the methods of "open diplomacy."

Quigg's "Tin Types"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In the articles recording the death of Lemuel Ely Quigg his activities in journalism and politics receive due attention, but something remains to be said about the work which may ultimately serve better than any other to keep his name alive. I refer to the volume of "Tin Types" which he published some twenty-five years ago. Before these sketches were collected in book form they appeared in the Sunday issue of The Tribune, and I can well remember the wide appreciation with which, week by week, they were received. In them Mr. Quigg portrayed a variegated company of New York characters, especially those of a political stripe.

His analyses were set forth in extraordinarily vivid fashion; he used plenty of the slang of the day, and there was biting humor in his delineation of metropolitan traits. The skill which he showed as a reporter in your columns—brilliantly illustrated in the dispatches on the Lizzie Borden trial mentioned in The Tribune's obituary—and the shrewdness which characterized him as an editorial writer, were reinforced in "Tin Types" by something of the creative power of the novelist. The book was one of the first to appear in a notable field of American realism, and one of the best. It has been long out of print, I believe. Perhaps Quigg preferred to leave it so, though I can't see why. If he has left no contrary injunction in the matter it ought some day to be republished. The same book written by Richard Harding Davis, say, would have been embodied in the collected edition of that author's works, and everybody would talk about its value as a record and as a literary exploit. Why shouldn't Quigg be remembered for it?

New York, July 3, 1919. R. C.

The Oldest Newspaper

(From The London Daily News)

The oldest of all newspapers appears in Peking, where the Journalists' Association has passed a resolution asking their European confrères to devote more attention to Chinese affairs. The "Peking Gazette," founded in A. D. 908, was for a long time the only journal allowed to be published in China, but witnin the last sixty years a number of others have been established. Ly Chao-pee, a Chinese mandarin, in an account of the journalism of his native country, says that in no other country are newspapers treated so respectfully as in China, where all the children are trained to venerate anything in the shape of printed matter.

Epochal Fashion

(From The Philadelphia Public Ledger)

It must be a sparsely populated community that can't start a republic nowadays.

The Conning Tower

BALLADE TO A DEPARTING GOD

God of the Wine List, roseate lord,
And is it really then goodby?
Of Prohibitionists abhorred,
Must thou in sorry sooth then die,
(O fatal morning of July!)
Nor aught hold back the threatened hour
That shrinks thy purple clusters dry?
Say not goodby—but *au revoir!*

For the last time the wine is poured,
For the last toast the glass raised high,
And henceforth round the wintry board,
As dumb as fish, we'll sit and sigh,
And eat our Puritanic pie,
And dream of suppers gone before,
With flying wit and words that fly
Say not goodby—but *au revoir!*

'Twas on thy wings the poet soared,
And Sorrow fled when thou wentst by,
And, when we said "Here's looking toward" . . .
It seemed a better world, say I.
With greener grass and bluer sky . . .
The writ is on the Tavern Door,
And who would tipple on the sly? . . .
Say not goodby—but *au revoir.*

L'ENVOI

Gay God of Bottles, I deny
Those brave tempestuous times are o'er;
Somehow I think, I scarce know why,
'Tis not goodby—but *au revoir!*

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Some year we shall let Independence, as advertised in the song, be our boast, and take a day off on July 4. The trouble with asking for a vacation when you are a columnist is that the Bosses think that columning is one continuous vacation. And they are so nearly right that we never are able to make out much of a case.

Still, it wouldn't be fair to that portion of the public whose information on sporting events is culled wholly from this Pinwheel of Piffle if we should take to-day off. We must come to the office to learn the result of the Toledo affair, so that to-morrow's comment on it may be authentic, snappy and as brilliant as comment made hurriedly—the fight should end by 4 o'clock and the page goes in before 11—can be.

Variety's Golden Days

Sir: To the collection of gems shovelled into the Tower by my friend John P. Toohey and the Town Romp, Old Uncle Tabby, I contribute the following list of song hits and singers. They are all of about the same era as the others:

Banks Winters in "White Wings."

Cool Burgess in "How Is the Major Gilfeather?"

Sol Smith Russell in "My Dad's Dinner Pail."

Francis Wilson in "Dotlet On the I," and later in "Listen to My Tale of Woe."

May Yohe in "Every Flower That Blooms So Fair."

Della Fox in "A Pretty Girl, a Summer's Night."

Nat Goodwin in Lorenzo's song, "Wise Men and Learned Sages," in first act of "The Mascot."

Helena Mora in "I Saw the Old Homestead and Faces I Loved."

Chauncey Olcott in "The Palms" in "The Old Homestead."

Ada Lewis in "Maggie Murphy's Home."

James Thornton in "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon," and with his partner Lawlor, in "The Upper Ten and the Lower Five."

Digby Bell in "I Want a Situation," in the opera, "The Tar and the Tartar."

Marie Jansen in "Oh, Mamma!" in "The Beggar Student."

Paul Arthur in "I Love My Love in the Springtime"—in one of the earliest revues at the Casino.

Julius P. Witmark in "Mammy's Little Alabama Coon."

Old Hoss Hoey in "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

Harry Conor and Anna Boyd in "Reuben, Reuben, I've Been Thinking," in "A Trip to Chinatown."

The Streator, Ill., Minstrels, George Evans, in "I'll Be True to My Honey Boy."

Peter F. Dailey in "Dinah, the Moon Am Shining."

J. Aldrich Libbey in "After the Ball."

Thomas Clifford, an excellent barytone, made a big hit about this time singing "The Holy City" in "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley."

De Wolf Hopper, appearing at the Broadway Theatre, was asked to sing some song "straight" to show off his really excellent voice. Theatregoers of this time may remember his rendition of "This Little Pig Went to Market." The music of this was written by a California prima donna, Miss Caro Roma, who Mascagni declared to be the best Santuzza ever in his "Cavalleria Rusticana." Then there was the "Razzle Dazzle" trio in one of the Hoyt farces, sung by William F. Mack, Tim Murphy and Otis Harlan. Mack had a bass voice of surpassing elegance, and in Bill Nye's comedy, "The Cadi," given by Thomas Q. Seabrooke, at the old Union Square Theatre, he played a Pinkerton detective and sang "The Lost Chord" better than I have ever heard it sung.

"Two Little Girls in Blue" was sung about this time.

To the names mentioned as having appeared at different times in "The City Directory" I may add: May and Flo Irwin, Charley Reed, Willie Collier, Julius P. Witmark, William F. Mack, Joseph Miron, Charles V. Seamon, Ignatio Martinetti and Alf Hampton. The latter did an imitation of Nat Goodwin and when Goodwin heard it, he remarked to Hampton: "One of us must be rotten!"

HARRY S. ALWARD.

If we had to cite three gentlemen who had achieved distinction by conspicuous valor under discouraging circumstances, we should name Sheriff Bill McGeehan, Grantoldrice, and Ringgold W. Lardner. Through an engagement when writing readable stuff seemed impossible, these three turned out highly entertaining and informing copy.

Last July 4 we celebrated in Nancy's gildedest café, where the aviators sang a parody of "Drunk Last Night," thus:

Bombed last night, bombed the night before,
Going to get bombed to-night as I never was bombed before:
When I'm bombed I'm as scared as I can be,
They can bomb the whole damned army if they don't bomb me.

"We invite whomsoever may feel friendly inclined," cyrils Old Rube Goldberg—or his telegraph operator—in the Mail, from Toledo.

Little does the President dream that at 2 o'clock Tuesday, when his ship is due, we have an appointment with a dentist.

Fleet Will Meet Wilson and Escort Him to Port.—Tribune.
Diluted, asks Scrib, to 2.75 per cent?

Well, it's the day they celebrate for Jess and Jack.

They ought to be independent for life.

F. P. A.

Raus Mit Hindenburg

By William C. Dreher

(Berlin Correspondent of The Tribune)

BERLIN, June 7.—When Hindenburg announced about a month ago that he would resign as soon as peace is signed it seems to me remarkable that so little was made of it in the press. Here is a man who is really liked by the German people. Hardly anybody has anything to say against him—all the harsh things aimed at militarism are reserved for Ludendorff.

The worst that "Die Freiheit," the rabid and rancorous Independent Socialist organ, could say against Hindenburg was this: "Hindenburg may have his merits as a military man, but the proletariat will not reckon him among those of whom it is proud." But even the papers that are still upholding military traditions showed what seemed a rather perfunctory enthusiasm in writing of Hindenburg. It all impressed me as a remarkable reversion from the old militarist spirit, its idolatry for great military names, among which Hindenburg was the greatest during the first three years of the war. Does it mean that military spirit is dead for the present?

And now Hindenburg is a problem to Berlin in another form—as an effigy. American readers will, perhaps, still recall the great "Iron Hindenburg" that figured extensively in press reports of about four years ago—the huge forty-foot-high statue of the general that was erected out near the Victory Column in the Tiergarten. It was really made chiefly of wood, but called iron because it was proposed that the people should come and drive nails into it till it should wear a complete coat of nails. So much was paid for each nail driven—with correspondingly higher fees for silver and gold nails (to be carefully pulled out after their capitalist or princely purchasers had driven them). All this was a means to an end—the collection, namely, of a big fund to help war widows and orphans.

But time wore on, and the war wore on the people's nerves; interest finally lagged, and it ceased to give patriotic pleasure to drive nails into Hindenburg. Then the concern handling the undertaking failed; and now it is trying to get rid of Hindenburg without too great cost. First he was offered to the City of Berlin, but the aldermen declined the gift. Then a happy solution, it was hoped, was found: he should be set up in the Stadión, the great playground out in the Grunewald, where there also is a great racetrack. But the managers objected that the effgy—nobody speaks of it as a work of art—would be out of keeping with the surroundings there, besides preventing the public from seeing the races to advantage.

And so the Hindenburg problem is still a live one. What shall be done with him? One wise contributor to the press offers the practical suggestion that the wood, "picked alderwood and eighty cubic metres of it," could well be made use of by many industries; it might be worked up into souvenirs and sold in that form.

Meanwhile, Hindenburg stands at the head of the Victory Allee, with feet wide apart, and stares glumly down upon the Kaiser's ancestors. It is a hard, unhappy look that he wears.

* * * * *

But is the ex-Kaiser himself so unhappy as this wooden Hindenburg looks? The most of us like to imagine that he is. According to the letter of a clergyman of the Moravian Brethren that has reached Berlin, however, his ex-majesty has taken to religion more strongly than ever, and his chief unhappiness now is that the German people do not betake themselves to their knees before God. This good clergyman holds religious services often at Amerongen and has had more or less prolonged talks with the ex-Kaiser and his wife. The pastor wants this letter circulated as widely as possible, and I am willing to help him; but I doubt whether I am also helping the principal in the case. He writes as follows:

"I have never heard a complaint from the Kaiser's mouth—never a word indicating that he regards himself as greatness wronged. He is ever thinking only of others, about the future of his people. With what love he speaks of them, of his brave army, his court preachers and pastors. It was really touching, on his birthday, to see how he came to the defence of his people. 'The misery of the war and hunger brought the people to such a pass'—that was his view. He said once, with deep radness: 'Before the German people fall upon their knees before God there is no salvation.' Twice he said to me, 'I am in God's hands.' Every day he takes part in the morning worship, which Count Bentinck holds with his family and servants in the Dutch language.

"The Kaiser takes an interest in everything and works much. Count Bentinck said to me that the Kaiser continues to become greater in his misfortune. In spite of all that weighs upon his heart, he can still tell with humor how many trees he has chopped into stove wood for Count Bentinck. There are people who, when they are in sorrow, exercise a depressing influence upon their entire surroundings. In Amerongen the case is quite different; wherever the Kaiser comes there is sunshine. The Kaiserin is great comfort to him. She takes their experiences hard; she has often wept in speaking to me of conditions in Berlin."

* * * * *

Another, but less exalted, old favorite of the Berliners has recently come into public view, but only to pass out again quickly and probably for good—von Jagow, who for some years before the war was police president here. He was fond of the laconic and the Draconic; his petty despot airs amused the Berliners in those days, and they still smile when they read one of his famous orders, issued to forbid a street demonstration: "I warn the curious. The streets are for traffic." From here Jagow passed to greater glory as Regierungs-president at Breslau; and there his fate has at last overtaken him. He ran foul of the new Socialist Republican government by publicly declaring his fidelity to the ex-Kaiser. That settled his business, as the following advertisement in the want column of the staid old "Kreuz-Zeitung" shows:

> "I seek Employment
> (Private service, Coöperative Society, Public welfare Organization)
> Dr. of Laws von Jagow,
> Regierungs-President,
> Government Buildings, Breslau."

Von Jagow's case is an interesting one, as illustrating how the Prussian bureaucracy is being gradually transformed into a democratic, up-to-date institution. The ober-president there now is Herr Phillipp, one of the live Socialist leaders of Breslau, a man of the simple people: his wife a dressmaker. As Regierungs-president he is entitled to move into the governor's residence of forty rooms and live in great state on his fine salary. Some time after his appointment one of his friends asked him when he was moving into his palace; to which he answered that he was not going to move in at all. He was still living in the modest two or three room flat which he had occupied as party secretary.

* * * * *

Let any one try to imagine the feelings of the old typical Prussian bureaucrat when he finds himself placed under the orders of a simple workman who has never rolled or twisted red tape in his life. Whoever can imagine those feelings fully will have the materials for a tragedy and a comedy rolled into one. The Junker organs are already gnashing their teeth over the humiliation of their fine old officials. One of these recent appointees, to make matters still worse, is a Jew; and he was till quite recently a simple country editor. But the editor of the "Kreuz-Zeitung" does not feel the editorial bond of sympathy draw even a little bit; he is infinitely disgusted to think that only two years ago this high officia' was actually climbing about on market wagons at a country town asking the price of butter and eggs.

And thus is Germany ringing out the old, ringing in the new.

* * * * *

Alas, the good old German stork, which brings the German babies, has also, like the Prussian bureaucrat, alighted upon evil days. So evil that he is actually deserting the Fatherland, and accordingly the birth-rate has fallen alarmingly, as all vital statisticians assure us. For several years the question has been under discussion.

What has become of the storks? Up to twenty years ago there was hardly a village in North Germany that did not have its stork's nest, perched upon some thatched roof or old chimney. But now few villages can boast of a nest. Why? All sorts of answers have been given. Some have said that so many thatched roofs have given place to roofs of tiles or slate that the stork has no place to nest. But I used to see, from the platform of the spire of Strassburg Cathedral, storks' nests on the steep tile roofs of that city, neatly balanced on a chimney top.

Others argued that the gradual transformation of meadow land into ploughed fields has destroyed the chief forsging ground of the stork, which likes to stalk about on wet meadows, picking up the small frogs that hop there. But there are still wet meadows enough, but no storks upon them. So try again! Others suggested that there might be causes in Africa, where the stork has his winter quarters, but there was no good ground for such a guess.

What is now offered as the true explanation is a simple enough one. It is that huntsmen have latterly taken to shooting the storks, charging them with being killers of young hares and quail. Why this cause has only become operative within the past twenty years is a special one, connected with the great creation of wealth in Germany during the decade or two preceding the war.

The newly rich from the cities mostly have an ambition to own a hunting preserve; it is a pleasant and exceedingly dignified way of displaying one's wealth—a means, too, for bringing the wealthy toady into contact with high-born families in the country. But these urban hunters are ignoramuses as to the habits of the stork, or at least careless of the service that he does to the farmer by devouring field mice and beetles. So the stately and sombre bird goes down before guns that can seldom hit anything else. And storks and babies are growing scarce.

Books

By Heywood Broun

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY indulges himself in the pleasant task of making book lists in his new novel, "The Haunted Bookshop" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The hero is a bookseller and the heroine is a young heiress apprenticed to the shop so that she may gain a taste in reading. In order to try out the sort of thing which interests his pupil and assistant the bookseller carefully selects a number of volumes and places them on the shelf in her bedroom. This collection includes a volume of Christopher Marlowe, then Keats, because "every young person ought to shiver over St. Agnes's Eve on a bright, cold winter evening." "Over Bremerton's" is included because it's a bookshop story and Eugene Field's "Tribune Primer," "to try out her sense of humor." A scrapbook of the "Archy" series from the Sun Dial of Don Marquis is added for the same reason.

Next comes Conrad's "Nigger of the Narcissus." Roger muses as he puts this book in place, "Even if she doesn't read the story perhaps she'll read the preface, which not marble nor the monuments of princes will outlive."

Then he adds Dickens's "Christmas Stories," "The Notebooks of Samuel Butler" and Stevenson's "The Wrong Box" and "Travels with a Donkey." He is about to add "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," but finally decides against it on the ground that it's "a pretty broad book for young ladies." "Tom Jones" also fails to pass the censorship. The remaining space on the shelf is quickly filled with "Walking Stick Papers" of Robert Cortes Holliday, Leonard Merrick's "Whispers About Women," "Jo's Boys," "The Lays of Ancient Rome" and Austin Dobson.

"And now," said Roger, "we'll be exceptionally subtle; we'll stick in Robert W. Chambers to see if she falls for it."

The bookseller's own shelf of books contains fewer titles and is somewhat narrower in its scope. Here we find "Pilgrim's Progress," Shakespeare, "The Anatomy of Melancholy," "The Home Book of Verse," George Herbert's poems, "The Notebooks of Samuel Butler" and "Leaves of Grass."

Prudence Brandish in her book "Mother Love in Action" (Harper's) declares her firm belief in the value of awakening the dramatic instinct in children at an early age. "I have seen a child convulse an audience," writes Miss Brandish, "with a spontaneous representation of a woman at the telephone, a train conductor, a doctor, a school teacher, a hostess."

H, the third has as yet displayed no ability to perform any of these feats, but any time he is prevented from swallowing a piece of the evening newspaper or an abandoned cigarette he can do a very creditable imitation of Miss Jane Cowl in her big scene in "Common Clay."

Ibáñez sometimes writes with a freedom which few Anglo-Saxon authors permit themselves. Accordingly, he occasionally provides his translator with knotty problems. In "La Bodega" Dr. Isaac Goldberg has solved one such dilemma by making Ibáñez say of a Bacchanalian reveller in a wild dancing orgy, "he writhed in such a manner that it seemed he was about to unhinge the lower part of his back."

One-Seventh Behind

(From The Columbus Dispatch)

In the discussions recently concerning the Sunday newspaper—a religious organization having proposed a resolution to oppose the Sunday paper—one of the ministers cautioned the assembly against taking radical action upon the question. "Let us be sensible about this matter," he said. "The Sunday newspaper is just as necessary as the Sunday trolley, which you attempted to condemn several years ago." He went on to show that the necessity of the Sunday paper had been amply demonstrated during the war.

The one thing which many people fail to recognize is the fact that the Sunday newspaper is made Saturday night and not on Sunday. There would be more logic in opposing the Monday morning paper than opposing the Sunday morning newspaper, if one were thinking only of preventing labor on the Sabbath.

But it really makes little difference about the discussions. The Sunday newspaper has established its place—and it hasn't harmed the churches either. It is going to remain in its place, too, regardless of all discussions. It is now championed by many of the ablest as well as many of the most religious minds in the world, and any organization that opposes it is simply fighting the elements themselves—or they might as well fight the elements. To be deprived of the news of the world for one day a week is to be one-seventh ignorant. And to fail to read the great Sunday newspapers with their additional features besides the news is to be more than one-seventh behind in the matter of spirituality.

While Production Wanes

(From The Springfield Republican)

The American Federation of Labor now regards as ideal the six-hour day, but it will require more work than a six-hour day can ever deliver to establish a workingman's or any other man's utopia.

Disputed Vilna

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In your issue of Tuesday, July 1, in an article "A Few Wars," by Frank H Simonds, among other things he makes mention that the Poles are disputing the title of Vilna. I do not want to criticise Mr. Simonds's article, but I deem it a duty to write and let you know that the status of Vilna was and is Lithuanian.

To show that the Poles have no claim to the city of Vilna the following will help in explaining the situation as it is: There was only a personal union between Lithuania and Poland, and at the first opportunity it was annulled by the Lithuanians. There never has been a real union between the two states. At the union of Lublin a sort of a confederation was formed, against the will of the Lithuanian people. The King of Poland had no right to act at that conference, as the Duke of Lithuania, to compel the Lithuanian representatives to take the oath of allegiance and to annex the Lithuanian provinces to Poland, because a year previous to this convention he had left the throne of Lithuania. In most of the treaties with Poland there was no *pacta publica*, only *jus privatum*. At the partition of Poland and Lithuania, all relations and ties, if any existed, were dissolved.

Lithuania has never been conquered by Russia, Poland or any other country, but was attached to Russia, never extinguished, because the Russian Czar had the title of Grand Duke of Lithuania and transferred it to others at each coronation, they using it officially. The fall of Czar Nicholas II *ipso facto* again frees Lithuania.

Lithuania's declaration of independence by the State Council and later the recognition of the independence by the various governments, although unsatisfactory, make the question of Lithuania an international one, which finally must be settled by all nations participating in the peace conference.

What I have written about Lithuania applies to Vilna because Vilna is the capital of Lithuania, and has been a barrier for the Olden Teutons, the modern Prussians, the Bolshevists and the present Polish army. THOMAS SHAMIS.

New York City, July 1, 1919.

Colorado and Protection

(From The Rocky Mountain News)

Joplin miners recently organized a protective tariff league to secure a duty of at least two cents per pound on zinc. That sounds interesting to Colorado. Leadville has every incentive to lend assistance. President Wilson has urged protection to infant chemical industries. Zinc ought to climb onto the same schedule. It needs protection from cheap foreign competition. So does tungsten.